THE OLD CLOCK

It stands thar in the corner
Whar it stood for sixty year,
With its big white face a-smilin'
An' its brass weights shinin' clear;
An' it 'pears as if some secrut
Sortuh hangs 'twixt it an' me,
For I never pass the sta'rway
'Cept it winks right knowin'ly.

Time I fetched home my Mirandy—
Jinks! how well I mind the day,
Old clock sized her up, an' then, sirs,
Off it banged like it would say:
"Pooty little crittur, ain't she?
In her bunnit full o' flowers,
With them curls in two big bunches
Fallin' round each ear in showers."

When the twins was born, Samanthy,
An' her brother, Henry Clay,
Thet old time piece like to busted,
Fahly buzzed itself away.
Folks 'lowed thet it needed 'llin',
Sho! I knowed 'twas unly joy
'Cuz it sensed the Breckenridges
Had a bran' new gyrl an' boy!

So we onderstand each other,
Me an' thet old clock. I 'low
When my time comes an' I'm toted
Throo the hallway, still an' slow,
Thet bright face will beam upon me,
Whisp'rin', as they pack me by;
"Cheer up, Israel! you're unly
Dead; an' most folks hes to die."
—Eva Wilder McGlasson, in Judge.

THE VICTIM OF HIS CLOTHES.

By Howard Fielding and Frederick R. Burton.

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CHAPTER XI.

VIRTUES OF NECESSITY.

At this point in Mr. Drane's adventures he ought to have met the emergency with calmness and a ready wit. He had certainly experienced quite enough of encounters with the police; but, law-abiding citizen that he was, having an innate and cultivated respect for the guardians of the peace and faro banks, the more he encountered their power the weaker he was to resist them. Therefore, when he was hustled out of the good old parson's study he went with a blind acquiescence to cruel fate, *mens conscia recti*, but very much cast down nevertheless.

In the hallway of the parson's house, however, he pulled himself together and demanded the cause of his arrest. The policemen were by no means willing to explain; they really believed that they had a dangerous maniac on hand, and Jimmy, the reporter, was on the *qui vive* to get a good news item and a reward at the same time. However, as Mr. Drane resisted, Jimmy finally produced this telegram from a New York newspaper:

"Rush interview with Drane. Man held here proved to be sane and not the right one.'

Just one ray of joy shone against the dark background of Mr. Drane's prospects in this dispatch—the tramp, improperly confined as insane at his instance, had been released. Thinking of that as of one sin which had been forgiven, Lawrence bowed his head and accompanied the policemen out of doors. An officer was at either elbow and Jimmy pranced along behind. As Mr. Drane was very quiet no especial attention was attracted until they came to the door of the Beaver House. There a man was slowly descending the steps, looking vastly worried and out of sorts. It was the tramp. He had Mr. Drane's clothes on and he appeared to be in hard luck. When he saw the officers and their convoy sailing down the street he stopped suddenly and looked hard at the prisoner with a wildly angered expression on his face. It was but a moment that the tramp stood thus, but in that moment his reasoning faculties went through a tremendous operation. This was about the substance of it:

"Hello! there's Lawrence Drane! I stole his clothes and his name and married in both of them an awfully rich widow. He got back at me by stealing his clothes again and getting me in hock. He even inveigled me into an insane asylum. He is even now suspected of being a lunatic. Now I know that he is not only sane, but that I have been the cause of his misadventures. I further know that the Kansas City men who declared this morning that I was not Drane, will be here by the next train from New York and will free this man from all his troubles. He is tremendously rich and good-natured. D—me if I don't do him a good turn."

This chain of reasoning was so speedily accomplished that by the time Lawrence and the policemen were opposite the Beaver House door, the tramp had resolved upon his course of action. He ran down the steps pell-mell, seized Lawrence by the hand and exclaimed:

"Well, well! to see you again and in this shape! I'm delighted and everlastingly relieved!"

"Oh! you are, are you?" responded Lawrence, as the policemen paused. "I see that you are at the upper end of the teeter-board at present."

He would have said more in expression of his bitterness, but the tramp interrupted:

"Officers, I don't think you have any right to hold this man. I know him. He is my only brother. His name is Lawrence Drane, of Kansas City, and I am his brother John, come on to take care of him. I demand that you show me your authority for arresting him before you take him any further."

This, of course, was a stumper for the policemen. They had no authority whatever.

"But," said one of them, "how about that reward?"

At this moment a button in Mr. Drane's Bowery suit gave way.

Jimmy, of course, had explained the prospective reward to the policemen and had held out its terms as inducements for their action. Neither Mr. Drane nor the tramp knew exactly what to do.

"Well, the fact is," began Mr. Drane.

"You understand," said the tramp at the same moment, "Mr. Drane is not a crazy man: he is my friend and relative."

"But," interrupted again one of the policemen, "that reward? We don't propose to stay out all night looking for this gent and the reward without some return."

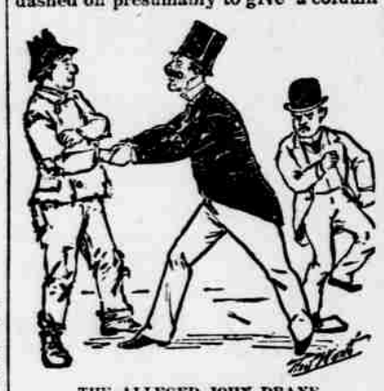
And here Mr. Drane's right knee began to peep through his trousers. His economical suit was coming rapidly and naturally to pieces.

"Does it look very bad?" he whispered to the tramp, as he felt a seam in the back burst.

"It looks like bloody murder," said the tramp, in an undertone; "and speaking of that, how do you think those Kansas City made pantaloons of yours fit me?"

"Tell 'em you'll give 'em a check at the Beaver House at three o'clock this afternoon," whispered Lawrence.

The tramp knowing that Lawrence had lots of money fell into this plan, and the police, knowing that they had no authority, immediately disappeared. But not so Jimmy. Jimmy hung on until the tramp assured him that he and Drane were going to the parson's house to elucidate together one or two problems that were not yet clear to either of them. During all the conversation that this involved, Lawrence discreetly kept his mouth shut, and presently Jimmy dashed off presumably to give a column



THE ALLEGED JOHN DRANE.

of copy to his newspaper for the last edition. After this the two men paused on the sidewalk and Mr. Drane began:

"My dear man, there is something about you, in addition to my clothes, which makes me think that you are or ought to be a gentleman."

"Sir," responded the tramp, "there is something about you besides that ill-fitting Bowery suit that makes me regard you as destined to better things than you have endured during the past week."

Then both men laughed and after that they shook hands heartily.

"I say," said Lawrence, "what is your name, and how the unmentionable fiend did you get into a tramp's life?"

"My name," responded the other, "is plain Johnson, baptised Richard J. I was at one time a country schoolmaster, which may account for my lapses into fairly correct English when I talk. Schoolmastering, I found, did not pay for a man who had acquired champagne tastes on a beer income, and so I determined to travel. Experience of an unusually severe nature undermined my convictions respecting *meum et tuum*, and I therefore descended to theft. But it is only fair to explain that this descent in morality came from the fact that soon after I gave up school-teaching I went into politics."

"Unfortunate," murmured Mr. Drane.

"I was an alderman," continued the tramp, "and I voted various franchises to railroad corporations and escaped indictment I never knew how. Then, having my hands in the public treasury, otherwise the people's pockets, for two or three years, I lost all sense of decorum and honesty."

"You are to be pitied, not condemned," said Mr. Drane.

"So," continued the tramp, "I am not altogether bad. That, with your kindness, you seem to see; but the fact is that if I had always worn as good clothes as these of yours, I would not have been tempted to commit the crimes that have brought trouble upon you."

"That is doubtless true," answered Mr. Drane, dubiously recalling his peculiar adventures; "but it was very wrong of you to take away not only my garments but my name and credit as well."

"Ah, sir," replied Mr. Johnson, smiling, "it is an old saw that 'necessity knows no law.' But let us not waste time in argument. I came here to seek my wife, and when I have found her you shall be fully repaid in money for the misery which I have caused you."

They had been walking along indeterminedly, and here Mr. Drane stopped.

"Johnson," he said, "you are in a bad fix. Your wife is not only poor financially, but so badly off that she wants to claim me for a husband."

Johnson opened his mouth wide with amazement, and as he knew not what to say, Lawrence continued:

"Whatever claim she had to riches she abstracted from another person, as you took my clothes. I have seen her this morning. She claims to be Mrs. Drane, and—"

"You infernal scoundrel!" exclaimed Johnson, and he seized Mr. Drane by the collar. "Rich or poor, she is my wife, and if you have gone and got her away from me I'll break your back and put you in the asylum again to boot."

Mr. Drane shook off his antagonist easily.

"Don't you call me names," he cried, "or I'll have you arrested for theft!"

Johnson cooled down at once.

"Where's my wife?" he asked presently.

"Come with me," said Mr. Drane, "and I'll show you," and he forthwith led the way to the parson's house. Just as they arrived at the door two men hurried up who greeted Lawrence effusively. They were relatives of his from Kansas City, arrived by a way train from New York, Johnson having caught an express at the same hour. The relatives looked at Lawrence sharply and seemed to wonder whether he was all right or not, but he refrained from explaining himself until they had come again into the parson's study.

CHAPTER XII.

THE REWARD OF THE WICKED.

Rev. Mr. Knowles was nothing if not hospitable. When this uninvited company invaded his humble but comfortable dwelling he bustled about with genuine anxiety for their entertainment.

"Dear me! dear me!" he kept saying, softly, "I have seen nothing like this since the donation parties in good old Podunk. I'm sure you're all quite welcome. I've been out with the two ladies looking for you, but we failed to find you. However, we encountered a young man called Jimmy, who is connected with the press, and he told me to return home and wait for you. Now I do hope that all this quarreling is over, and that you, sir"—pointing to Drane—"have decided to be a man."

"Such is my present intention," said Drane. "I am getting a little tired of being a lunatic."

"You seem to have suffered some violence since you were here before," continued Mr. Knowles. "I trust that you are not seriously hurt. It often happens that harsh experiences of this kind are wholesome, and necessary to bring us to a proper state of mind. Indeed, they always are, if we could only see it."

Meanwhile the other members of the party were looking askance at each other. Johnson was beginning to realize that the new-comers were the Kansas City relief expedition, and that his own usefulness and opportunities were nearly over. He was meditating a quiet and inoffensive exit when he chanced to catch Nellie's eye, and it riveted him to the spot. She was looking at him with a real tenderness of expression, and a certain admiration, too. Indeed, Johnson in Drane's clothes was worth looking at. He had an intelligent and not uncomely visage, which had been much improved of late by the effects of more food and less drink. And Nellie looked at him, thinking of the words which had joined their hands; and she grew quite pale, but not with fear or regret.

Bessie was pale, too, for she felt a very painful interest in the scene. She knew that the strange men must include those who had known Drane in the West, and she took Johnson to be a distinguished representative of the family, whose words would be a full explanation of Drane's mental condition. She tried to attract his attention; to call him to her side, and ask him whether it was true that his unfortunate kinsman was unbalanced.

Mr. Sanford Drane, the genuine, was the first to break the silence which had fallen upon the party.

"I beg your pardon," said he to Rev. Mr. Knowles, "but I really do not see why we have all invaded your house. Has this unhappy young man—" pointing to Lawrence—"had any dealings with you during his recent wanderings? I should tell you that I am his uncle, and that I have come to take him home with me, where I trust that rest and medical treatment will restore him to the full command of his faculties."

"And is he, then, deranged?" asked Mr. Knowles. "Ah! that explains much which had been dark to me. I fear that I have done serious wrong. I should have made more careful inquiries before I married him to this young lady."

"Married?" cried Uncle Sanford, aghast. "Oh, Lawrence, I did not think your wretched fate would have led you to this."

"My very dear, but deplorably muddled uncle," said Lawrence, "do not distress yourself unnecessarily. I am not married. This whole complication results from an inexplicable error of Rev. Mr. Knowles, who married this man"—indicating Johnson—"to that young woman in the corner."

"Poor fellow!" said Rev. Mr. Knowles, "he is wandering again."

"I am not wandering," said Lawrence. "The fact is that this woman, taking advantage of Mr. Knowles' error, now claims me as her husband because she knows me to be rich."

"Rich!" put in Uncle Sanford, "if money is all that is needed, perhaps we may yet rescue my misguided nephew from these perplexing entanglements. Young person," he continued, approaching Nellie, and shaking his finger in her face, "what do you want?"

"I don't want you, you old bear," said Nellie, beginning to cry nervously, "not even if you're richer than Croesus."

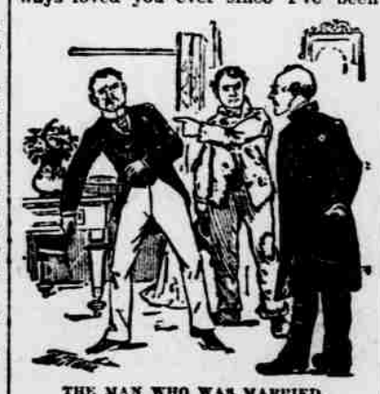
Johnson laughed.

"Come, Nellie," said Bessie, somewhat sharply, "explain this matter fully and you will do much to atone for your conduct towards me."

"I didn't know he belonged to you," sobbed Nellie, "or I'd never have tried to catch him."

Here Johnson laughed again, but Lawrence blushed and looked foolish.

"I'm sure I had no ill will against you," Nellie continued. "In fact, I always loved you ever since I've been



THE MAN WHO WAS MARRIED.

your maid. I was sorry after I'd stolen your things and would have taken them all back to you only I was afraid. I'm going to tell the whole truth now, and I don't care what happens. I was not a bad girl to begin with, but when my aunt died and I had to get my own living, I became a servant, for there was nothing else to do. I couldn't teach, because I didn't know any thing—"

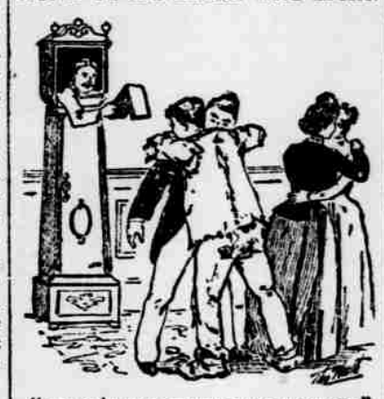
"That is not always an impediment," Johnson interrupted; "I have been a teacher myself."

"I couldn't write novels, as some women do," Nellie continued, "because I'd been brought up quiet and proper and hadn't seen any of these horrid, frantic things they write about. So I just got a place as a maid. It was with a rich woman in high society, and I've been thrown in just such company for years. It's an awful strain on a young girl's character to associate with such people. They make you do an awful lot of lying for them. And then there's the uniform—the servant's dress. That's the thing that does the real mischief. It's all the time saying to the girl that wears it: 'You're only a slave. What difference does it make how you behave? You can't go to Heaven in such clothes, anyhow.' I got to thinking that I wasn't as good as the other women because I couldn't dress as well; and so when I saw the chance to steal your dresses I said to myself that it would make a good girl of me."

Rev. Mr. Knowles held up his hands in horror.

"Young woman," said he, "the obliquity of your moral vision is really shocking. Did you think that stolen clothes could make you good?"

"Yes, sir, I did," replied Nellie, firmly, "and what's more, I was right; they have. Since I've worn them I haven't had an envious or wicked thought in my mind, except when this man discovered me and I saw the prospect of big cuffs and a cap again. I tell you that if I'd had another week in Mrs.



"I DIDN'T CATCH THE LAST REMARK."

Harland's dresses not even that temptation would have been strong enough to make me do wrong."

"You have discovered a great moral principle," said Johnson. "I too, stole a chance to begin a better life, and, I trust, if Mr. Drane doesn't take this suit away from me, that I may yet reform entirely before it wears out. I feel better now. Already I have discarded the language of a tramp, and the mendacity of a politician. A few days more and I shall be as good a man as Drane himself; and Larry, old boy, let me tell you that if you don't get rid of that Bowery suit before it falls to pieces altogether you'll be a moral wreck. Every time a button falls off the finger of Satan is stuck through the empty button-hole.

"And as to this marriage," he continued, "I am proud to say that I was the bridegroom. I confess with shame that I married Nellie believing her to be rich, but now—now—Nellie, I have nothing in the world that I can call my own. Even my clothes, as you know, do not belong to me. But if you can love me, if you truly wish to be my wife, I will do the best I can to make a home somewhere for you—for us—in which whatever dress you wear will be the robe of a queen, and I a humble, but a faithful subject always."

"Dear Richard," said Nellie, laying her head upon the breast of Lawrence's late coat, beneath which the heart of Mr. Johnson was beating very hard indeed if one might judge by the expression of his face.

"But you forget, Richard," she said, at length, "we must both go to prison first. We can not expect to be reformed without paying the penalty."

"Well, I am ready," said Johnson.

"My dear fellow," cried Lawrence, "you need have no fears of me. I have too much to thank you for. But for you and your amiable wife I might have gone through the wide world from one end to the other, and yet have missed the one woman for whom my heart was waiting. Bessie (taking her hand in his), shall we forgive them?"

"Indeed, indeed, we will," cried Bessie, heartily. "Nellie, I owe you a debt such as only a woman can understand, and—and—I can't tell you how much I thank you; but if a whole Saratoga trunk-full of dresses can serve as a symbol of my gratitude I—ah, you dear girl!"

Bessie closed the sentence somewhat hysterically and fell on Nellie's neck. Lawrence, too, was overpowered with joy.

"Dick, old boy," said he, "cheer up. I'll give you carte blanche with my tailor, and you shall wear as many suits a day as a society belle on a week's visit to a watering place. And that isn't all. I'll give you—"

"Only a chance to work, Larry; it's all I ask," said Johnson.

"Work?" cried Lawrence; "not if I know it. A man who can't find any thing better to do in this world than work is defective in imagination. I'll give you a pension of two hundred dollars a month for as long as you need it—I—I—old man, my feelings overcome me!"

And he fell on Johnson's neck just as Bessie had done on Mrs. Johnson's.

There was a crash over in the corner of the room, and the voice of Jimmy, the reporter, was heard, saying:

"I didn't quite catch that last remark. What was the amount of that pension?"

They looked up and saw the enterprising young man's head sticking through the face of the tall, old-fashioned clock. His right hand, with a note book, presently appeared, also. He had evidently been improving his time.

"I've got every thing down straight up to that point," he said. "It'll be the greatest work of my life."

"But, my young friend," said Rev. Mr. Knowles, in some trepidation, "what have you done with the works of my clock?"

"They're down at the bottom," Jimmy explained; "I'm standing on 'em. See?"

He kicked the machinery, and the clock struck twenty-seven.

"I fear that you have seriously deranged the delicate and costly mechanism," said Mr. Knowles. "I must regard your conduct as reprehensible."

"Forgive him, sir," pleaded Bessie, "and I will have the clock repaired as good as new. I do not like to think that any body should be reproved upon so happy a day."

"I have not looked upon it hitherto as an occasion of rejoicing," said Mr. Knowles; "nevertheless I will grant your request."

"I suppose I've got to go now," said Jimmy, climbing out of the clock. "But, Mr. Drane, if you really have any soul about you, drop me a postal-card when you've fixed the date of your wedding. It won't be any trouble at all; and, for Heaven's sake, don't let me get beaten on my own story."

"What date shall we put on the card, Bessie?" asked Lawrence.

"I don't know," protested Bessie, hiding her face. "I never was good at dates when I went to school. You'd better fix it yourself."

"Let me see," Lawrence said, reflectively; "yesterday was the twentieth?"

"Yes."

"And to-morrow will be the twenty-second?"

"Of course."

"Well, in that case, I would avoid extremes and suggest the twenty-first."

"You mix me all up with your arithmetic," said Bessie, frowning prettily. "Oh! dear; why, it's to-day. No, I really can't think of such an awful hurry. You know I've given away all my dresses, Lawrence. But on the twenty-first of next month, if you please—"

"Lawrence," said Uncle Sanford, "when I look at the woman you will marry I cease to doubt your sanity, and—"

"And begin to doubt hers, I suppose," Lawrence broke in. "You are mistaken, uncle. She is the only woman I ever met who was level-headed enough to recognize a truly good man under a ragged coat. I say this modestly, but I'm ready to stick to it."

* * * * * * *

It may be interesting to record, in conclusion, that the pension which Drane had promised to the reformed couple was always paid promptly on the first of every month. Within a year, however, a series of inheritances raised them far above the necessity for any such charity. But they kept right on drawing it just the same, and thus by a little harmless dishonesty varied the monotony of their otherwise exemplary lives, wisely avoiding that excessive virtue to which progressive good fortune is the only real temptation in this world.

THE END.

A BRAZILIAN LUXURY.

Apt to Kill If Eaten and to Burn If Handled, Yet Very Refreshing.

A Sun reporter found himself in a crowd that stood staring into a fruit store window the other day. In the window, hanging by a string, was something that looked like a big Bartlett pear, except that its color was deep red. On the big end of the fruit was a pulpy looking protuberance. Pushing his way into the store and pointing to the strange fruit in the window, the reporter asked the dealer:

"What kind of a pear is that?"

"It's no kind of a pear," replied the fruit man. "It's a Brazilian caju."

"Oh, indeed!" said the reporter.

"Yes," replied the dealer, "that's a caju, and it's the only one in the city, I guess. It's a curious kind of a fruit, too, for while it is one of the most delightfully cool and refreshing of delicacies it will make you deathly sick, and may be kill you, if you eat it. The Brazilian caju wasn't made to be eaten. You have to drink it to properly enjoy it."

"Ah!" said the reporter. "What are the habits of this peculiar fruit?"

"Well," said the custodian of the caju, "that one in the window is what they call a garden caju because it is a cultivated one, but it grows wild, very wild. They make a claret wine out of the wild caju down in Brazil that the natives dote on. It will stand you on your head in less than ten minutes. The cultivated fruit sometimes turns out red like that one, but it is also apt to be yellow, and perhaps pink. The ways of the caju are in no way influenced by its color, though. A red one can't discount a pink one, and a yellow one is as much of a thoroughbred as either of the others. The pulp of the most luscious orange isn't half as tempting as the inside of the caju, but the caju pulp is poison. Juice is what the caju is for. I'll bet that red one yonder has more than a pint of juice in it, and if you ever tasted it you'd never let go until you engulfed the whole of it. There's nothing finer. The swell Brazilian sucks the juice out of a caju every morning before breakfast."

"What does the caju wear that rosette for on its big end?" asked the reporter.

"Well, that isn't exactly a rosette," replied the fruit-dealer, "but it looks like one, doesn't it? That is the seeds of the fruit. They are put on the outside to make room for more juice inside, I suppose, and for another very important reason. If they grew on the inside the sucking of a caju would be followed by the instant and complete annihilation of the sucker's stomach. You can't see the seeds because they are covered up by pulp. That pulp has a juice of its own, and wherever it happens to touch your flesh a big blister will rise up and burrow itself into the flesh like the burning head of a parlor match. They don't seem to mind it down in Brazil, though."

"Do you intend to introduce the caju in our markets?" asked the reporter.

"Well, we had thought of it some," said the fruit dealer, "but I have an idea that we can't hope to make a luxury popular up here that is liable to kill you if you eat it and burn you up if you handle it. I'd like to have a quart of caju juice right now, though, all the same."—N. Y. Sun.

An Interesting Interview.

Clerk—If you please, sir, I shall have to ask you to excuse me for the rest of the day. I have just heard of—er—an addition to my family.

Employer—Is that so, Penfold? What is it, boy or girl?

Clerk—Well, sir, the fact is—er—(somewhat embarrassed), it's two boys.

Employer—Twins, eh? Young man, I'm afraid you are putting on too many heirs.—Munsey's Weekly.

Most women marry because other women marry.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Lamp burners can be renovated by boiling them in strong soda water.

—To remove tar from the hands, rub with the outside of a fresh lemon peel and wipe dry immediately.

—The surest way to have clear jelly is to let the juice drain through a flannel bag, without squeezing it.

—A doctor at Toulouse informs the French Academy of Medicine that he has discovered a cure for croup. It is a very simple one—a teaspoonful of flour of sulphur in a tumbler of water. After three days of the treatment his patient recovered.

—If you want a lovely odor in your rooms, break off branches of the Norway spruce and arrange them in a large jug well filled with water. In a few days tender, pale green branches feather out, soft and cool to the touch, giving the delightful health-giving odor.

—A loaf that has become too stale for the table may be "freshened" by wrapping it in a clean cloth, and dipping it in boiling water for thirty seconds. Then remove the cloth and bake the loaf for ten minutes in a slow oven. Stale breakfast rolls may be treated the same way.

—To keep the bright green color of summer cabbage and some other vegetables, boil fast in plenty of water in which has been dissolved a piece of washing soda the size of two peas; cover until the water boils and then take off the lid. If the steam is shut in the cabbage will be yellow and unsightly.

—In choosing your wall paper you should be careful before finally deciding on it to see how it looks under gas or lamp light, as the color and general appearance of most of the patterns change very greatly under artificial light. A good plan is to select three or four patterns, put them upon the walls of the room, and examine their general effect carefully both by day and night.

—Butter Sponge Cake.—One-half of a cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one and three-quarters cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of milk and water, three eggs (beaten separately), one teaspoonful of baking-powder; flavor with vanilla and lemon, more of the former as lemon flavoring is much stronger than vanilla. It makes a good sized loaf. Bake fully fifty minutes.—Good Housekeeping.

—Luncheon buns may be made as follows: "To one quart of sifted flour add a little salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one cup of sugar. Dissolve a yeast cake in a little warm milk, then add enough more warm milk to make a soft dough. Set to rise. When light mix in a heaping cup of stoned raisins, and flavor with ground cinnamon. Make into buns, set to rise again, and when light bake in a quick oven. Dampen the tops while hot, and sift over them a little powdered sugar."

THE DEATH PLANT.

It Distills a Deadly Perfume Which Kills Insects and Small Birds.

A magnificent kali mujah, or death plant of Java, has been recently received here by Mrs. Madison Black. The specimen, which is the only living one that has ever been brought to this country, was sent Mrs. Black by her brother, Jerome Hendricks, who went out as a missionary to the island. The kali mujah is found only in the volcanic districts of Java and Sumatra, and then but rarely. It grows from two to three and a half feet in height, with long, slender stems armed with thorns nearly an inch long, and covered with broad, satin-smooth leaves of a heart shape and of a delicate emerald on one side, and blood red, streaked with cream, on the other.

The flowers of the death plant are large, milk-white and cup-like, being about the size and depth of a large coffee cup and having the rim guarded by fine, brier-like thorns. The peculiarity of the plant lies in these flowers, which, beautiful as they are, distill continually a deadly perfume so powerful as to overcome, if inhaled any length of time, a full-grown man, and killing all forms of insect life approaching it. The perfume, though more pungent, is as sickingly sweet as chloroform, which it greatly resembles in effect, producing insensibility, but convulsing at the same time the muscles of the face, especially those about the mouth and eyes, drawing the former up into a grin. An inhalation is followed by violent headache and a ringing in the ears, which gives way to a temporary deafness, often total while it lasts.

Other plants seem to shun the kali mujah, which might be termed the Ishmael of the vegetable kingdom, for it grows isolated from every other form of vegetation, though the soil may be fertile. All insects and birds instinctively seem to avoid all contact with it, but when accidentally approaching it have been observed to drop to the earth, even when as far from it as three feet, and, unless at once removed soon died, evincing the same symptoms as when etherized.

Mr. Hendricks, who writes describing how he secured the specimen sent his sister, says he discovered it first by seeing a bird of paradise he was endeavoring to capture alive fall, stunned by the deadly ordor of the kali mujah, and on examining the plant, though warned by the natives to let it alone, himself experienced the headache and convulsions which are its invariable results.—Savannah (Ga.) Cor. Philadelphia Times.

The Court Poet Must Go.

Discussion still continues in various journals as to the poet best fitted to fill the post of laureate after Lord Tennyson. I have my suggestion to make. It is that this ridiculous office be abolished, for what can be more absurd than that a Prime Minister, who, perhaps, knows nothing of poetry, and cares, if possible, less, should suddenly be called upon to decide between the conflicting claims of a crew of versifiers, each worshiped by a select band of literary toadies, and none likely to be remembered beyond nominis umbra 100 years hence. Poetry really immortal is the rarest of products; poetry fairly good is a drug in the market. Poetry and officialdom are antagonistic. A court poet should go the way of the court buffoon.—London Truth.